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TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE CONSTITUTION.

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BY L. D. STARKE.

**TERMS.**  
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## POETRY.

From the "Baltimore Sun."  
EDITED FROM THE PAPERS OF THE LATE  
Henry Ellen.

I see her dreamy eyes,  
Her dreaming eyes so soft and tender,  
With light like midnight skies,  
By the solemn moon's sad splendor.  
Her perceptive Madonna had,  
And luminous and gleaming  
Light serene, and yet how sad,  
If they were ever dreaming!  
With their lily lids bowed down,  
They look the very homes of feeling:  
With their lashes long and brown,  
Raised, they seem to God appealing  
Glance a prayer, each prayer so  
Deep.  
Each with holy thoughts so laden,  
Very Angels' souls in sleep  
Very dream still brighter dreams in  
Aidenn.

And sad, they have a light  
Gleam and pure and saint-like glory,  
Yet the earnest gaze might  
Perceive hid, how sad a story.  
In her heart a statue stands—  
Dante's statue (stern is beauty)  
Lies beside it lies her love  
Dabbled by that very Butus—duty  
Wonder not that thou I write—  
For, that their sad gleam had enchanted;  
You, but seen them full of light,  
Like me, you also had been haunted.

## ISCELLANEOUS.

From Gleason's Pictorial.  
**THE WIDOW'S BEAU;**  
OR  
**A HIT AT GOSSIPERS.**  
BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

Service had commenced in the neat  
sanctuary, which the inhabitants  
of the town had consecrated to the  
ship of God. The Minister had read  
Psalm and Scripture lesson, and the  
lines of the opening hymn. The  
of his people were fixed intently  
on him, for he was not only a good,  
eloquent preacher, but he was a  
looking one, too; and thus enchained  
not only the attention of the  
but the false worshipper. The  
was very still—the clear, mol-  
lones of the speaker were the only  
lights that shone on the balcony, go-  
lar which the midsummer Sabbath  
had breathed into that holy place.  
The first syllable of the second line  
was ringing on his lips when a rustle at  
door, and the entrance of two per-  
sons, a lady and a gentleman, dissolved  
charm. In a second every eye turned  
from the pulpit to the broad aisle, and  
watched the progress of the couple. A  
searching ordeal were they subject-  
ed, and when they were fairly and  
seated in the front pew, imme-  
diately before the pulpit, and how many  
saw them. In vain sought the good,  
sound, the eloquent, the handsome  
B. to seal again the attention of his  
hearers. They had eyes and thoughts  
anybody but widow C., and widow  
young and dashing-looking attend-

How she had cheated them! Hadn't  
said a hundred times or more, that  
heart was in the grave of her buried  
husband, that she would never marry again?  
And she refused to walk out or ride  
with any of the unappropriated gen-  
tlemen of the village? Hadn't she said  
she didn't feel as though she could ever  
forget anything but mourning? And in  
the midst of these protestations, hadn't she  
at once, dressed all in white,  
coming on the arm of a young gentle-

white kid gloves and light gaiters,—  
such was the description every lady had  
on her tongue's end to repeat over as  
soon as service was closed. And the  
gentleman—he too was dressed in style.  
Didn't he wear white pants of the latest  
pattern, and a white vest, and a coat  
"satin finish" and white kids too; and  
didn't he sport a gold pin and a massive  
chain, and didn't he gaze often, and  
tenderly, and lovingly on the fair crea-  
ture beside him? Ah yes, he did so,  
and there was no further room to doubt.  
Widow C. had cheated them. She had  
put on a beau, laid aside her mourning,  
and was going to be married in church.  
But who the beau was, or whence he came was more difficult  
to solve.

Service proceeded. The choir sang,  
and the minister prayed and preached,—  
the people wondered when the cere-  
mony would take place. But to their utter  
astonishment, they were left to wonder.  
For when the benediction was pronounced  
Widow C. and the strange gentleman  
walked with the rest of the congregation  
quietly out of the church. When they  
reached the pavement, he offered her  
his arm very gracefully, and she placed  
her hand very confidently on the beau-  
tiful soft coat sleeve, and they passed  
on.

What a nooning that was at Fair-  
mount! What a world of conjectures,  
surmises, inquiries and doubts rolled  
over and over in the brains of not only  
gossiping ladies, but sober, matter of fact  
gentlemen. "The like of such a thing"  
had never occurred in the annals of the  
village. There was something new under  
the sun: a lady had a beau, and  
nobody knew it. Widow C., didn't  
you ears burn on that day? Ah, we  
wonder they hadn't dropped off; surely  
they must have been crisp and crimson.  
The Rev. Mr. B. preached to a crowd-  
ed house that afternoon: no compliment  
to him though. The magnet was in the  
pew before him. Every one was sure  
that the wedding would take place then;  
but everybody was again sadly disap-  
pointed; and if tongues had run at a  
railroad speed before they now travel-  
ed on the electric wires. The minister  
might have preached in Greek that day,  
and his sermon would have been quite  
as edifying. But one subject engrossed  
the village mind—the widow's mar-  
riage, that was the topic.

It actually seemed too as though the  
lady tried to make all the talk she could.  
After tea in arm, with the strange  
gentleman, she walked the whole length  
of the village, and away out in the cem-  
tery, and never returned till the moon  
was high.

A nice looking dress I guess she  
had; drewled out old Grandma W., as  
she listened to the widow's wanderings.  
"I'm glad I ain't got to wash it, all  
dribbled up with dew as it must have  
been—but I don't suppose she thought or  
cared a word about it, she's so carried  
away with him. But I'll give her a  
piece of my mind, the first time I have  
a chance, see if I don't. Cheating us  
all this way!"

But the good old dame began to fear  
that she should never have the desired  
chance. She hurried through her wash-  
ing on Monday and hobbled over to the  
widow's as soon as possible, but the door  
was locked and one of the neighbors  
said Mrs. C. and the gentleman went  
off in a carriage, nobody knew where,  
very early in the morning. Yes and  
never got home till 9 o'clock in the even-  
ing. Look out Widow C! Your char-  
acter is on the carpet!

If she knew it, apparently she didn't  
care, for the next day she went sailing  
with her beau, and the next day ram-  
bling with him away off to the mountain,  
and on the next forenoon went with him  
in a carriage to the station house, and  
there not only wept as she parted from  
him, but actually embraced and kissed  
him.

"What, in broad daylight?" exclaimed  
Grandma W. "Well, if I ever seed or  
heard the like on't!"

Little Ned, the old lady's youngest-  
grand child, wandered to himself, if it  
were any worse in broad day light than  
at any other time. Perhaps you will  
wonder too. We do at least.

There was a very large attendance  
that afternoon at the weekly meeting  
of the sewing society. Every body went  
that could possibly leave home. And  
what a chattering there was when the  
bustle of assembling was over. There  
was, but one topic, but that was all suffi-  
cient, all engrossing—the widow's beau  
—for the gentleman must be her beau,  
or at least, he ought to be.

Everybody had something to tell,  
something to wonder about. But sud-  
denly every tongue was hushed, a  
universal stroke of dumb palsy seemed  
to have fallen on the group as looking  
up, it perceived the very lady about  
whom they were conversing so eagerly,  
standing in the doorway.

way, the lady should not suspect her of  
curiosity. So she began by praising  
Mrs. C. address. "Why, it really a beau-  
tiful," said she, "where did you get it?"  
"I bought it," was the quiet reply.  
"Here?"  
"No."  
"Where then?"  
"In New York, last spring."

"O, you did, did you? But I thought  
you wasn't never going to wear anything  
but black again."

Every eye scrutinized the lady's face  
this time in search of a blush, but it  
continued as pale as usual, while she  
answered:

"I did think and say so, once, but I  
have finally changed my mind."

"You have, ha! But what made you?"

"O, I had good reason." Here the  
hearers and lookers-on winked expres-  
sively at each other.

"But did you not spoil your beautiful  
white dress Sunday night wearing it,  
way up there to the burying-ground?"

"I did not."

"You didn't! do tell! But how could  
you help it? There was a wonderful  
heavy dew."

"I did not wear it."

Here was a damper to the old lady.—  
She had such a long lecture to read on  
extravagance, and she was so deter-  
mined to do it, that when unfortunately for  
her eloquent strain, Mrs. C.'s dress had  
hung up in her wardrobe all the time,  
and she had worn an old black silk.

"After a while the old lady took a  
fresh start. She would not be so badly  
again. She would find out all about  
that beau before she went home, that  
she would." So she began by saying,

"Your company went away this morn-  
ing, didn't it?"

"They did," was the answer, a wee  
bit of emphasis resting on the "they."

"He didn't stay very long, did he?"

"Not as long as I wish he had," was  
the emphatic answer this time.

And how the ladies did look at each  
other. It was as good as a confession.

"When did he come?"

"Saturday evening."

"Was you looking for him?"

"I had been expecting him a fortnight."

"Why, do tell, if you had then, and  
you never told on't either. Had he  
business in the place?"

"He had."

"What was it?"

This was rather more direct and blunt  
than grandma had meant to put; and  
she forthwith apologized by saying,

"I didn't mean that—I only thought

"O, I'd as lief you know as not," said  
the lady, with a charming air of naïveté;  
"he came to see me."

"O, Widow C! did your good name go  
down then. Be careful what you say  
next or you'll have only a remnant of  
character to go home with, and rem-  
nants always go cheap."

"He did, did he, and he didn't come  
for nothing else, then? But was you  
glad to see him?"

"Indeed I was. It was one of the  
happiest moments of my existence."

"Well, well," said the old lady, hardly  
knowing how to frame her next ques-  
tion, "well he's a real good looking man,  
anyway."

"I think so too, and he's not only good  
looking, but he's good hearted; one of  
the best men I ever knew."

"You don't say so! But is he rich?"

"Worth a hundred thousand or so,"  
said the lady, carelessly.

"Why, do tell, if he is. Why, you'll  
like like a lady, won't you? But what's  
his name?"

The old lady's curiosity was now  
roused to the highest pitch.

"Henry Macon."

"Macon! Macon! Why wasn't that  
your name before you were married?"

"It was."

"Then he is a connection, is he?"

"He is."

"Do tell, if he is then? Not a cousin,  
I hope. I never did think much of  
marriages between cousins."

"Henry is not my cousin."

"He isn't. Not your cousin! But  
what connection is he, then, do tell,  
now?"

"He is my youngest brother."

If ever there was rapid progress made  
in sewing and knitting, by any circle  
of ladies, it was by those composing this  
society for the next fifteen minutes.—  
Not a word was uttered, not an eye  
raised. Had the latter been done, and  
the rough and expressive glances  
which passed between Mrs. C. and the  
minister, who unobserved had stood on  
the threshold, a silent spectator and cu-  
rious hearer, perhaps, mind you, we  
only say perhaps, they might have gues-  
sed more correctly the name, character,  
standing and profession of the widow's  
beau.

A SMART BOY.—A farmer's wife in  
speaking of the smartness, aptness, and  
intelligence of her son, a lad of six years  
old, to a lady acquaintance, said:  
"He can read fluently in every part  
of the bible, repeat the whole catechism,  
and weed onions as well as his father."

"Yes, mother," added the young hus-  
band, "and yesterday I licked Ned Raw-  
son, threw the cat into the well, and  
stole old Hinkley's piglet."

SHAMEFUL.—A Mr. B. Payne was  
arraigned in the Mayor's Court of Peters-  
burg, Va., on the 25th ult., to answer  
charges of naughty conduct to-  
wards a Miss Williams. The young  
lady testified that Mr. P., "blackguard-  
ed her, stole her keys, vilified her re-  
putation, and ruined her character and  
the front door of her residence."

CHANGES OF NAME.—It is said that  
Frederick Douglass is about to apply to  
the Legislature for a change of name.

## THE BRIDE OF THE WRECK.

"I was a lonely sort of bachelor, and  
I had never yet known what young men  
style 'the passion.' Of passion I had  
enough, as my old maid yodder can tell  
you. I broke his head twice, and his  
arm once, in fits of it; but he has al-  
ways seemed to love me all the better,  
and he clings to me now very much as  
two pieces of the same ship, clung to-  
gether when drifting at sea. We are the  
sole survivors of a thousand wrecks,  
and of the gallant company that sailed  
with us two years ago, no other one is  
left afloat. I had been a sailor from  
boyhood, and when I was twenty-five, I  
may safely say no man was more fit to  
command a vessel among the mariners  
of England. And at this time my uncle  
died and left me his fortune. I had  
never seen him, and hardly knew of his  
existence; but I had now speaking evi-  
dence of the fact that he had existed,  
and equally good proof that he existed  
no longer."

"I was very young and strong in limb,  
and I think stout in heart, and I was  
possessed of a rental of some thousands  
per annum. What bar was there to my  
enjoyment of the goods of life? No bar,  
indeed, but I felt sorely the lack of  
means of enjoyment. I was a sailor in  
every sense. My education was tolerable,  
and I had read some books, but my  
tastes were nautical, and I pinned on  
the shore. You will easily understand,  
then, why it was that I built a yacht  
and spent most of my time on her. She  
was a fine craft, suited to my taste in  
every respect, and I remember with a  
sigh, now, the happy days I have spent  
in the 'Foam.' I used to read consid-  
erable in my cabin, and occasionally,  
indeed weekly, invited parties of gentle-  
men to cruise with me. But the foot  
of a lady had never been on the deck of  
my boat, and I began to have an old  
bachelor's pride in that fact. Yet, I  
confess to you a secret longing for some  
sort of affection different from any I had  
heretofore known, and a restless yearning  
when men talked of beautiful women in  
my presence."

"One summer evening I was at the  
old hall in which my uncle had died,  
and was entirely alone. Towards sunset  
I was surprised while looking over  
my books, by the entrance of a gentle-  
man hastily announced, and giving indi-  
cations of no little excitement.

"Your pardon, sir, for my unceremo-  
nious entrance; my horses have run  
away with my carriage; and dashed it  
to pieces near your park gate. My  
father was badly injured, and my sister  
is now watching him. I have taken  
the liberty to ask your permission to  
bring him to your residence."

Of course, my consent was instantly  
given, and my own carriage despatched  
to the park gate.

"Mr. Sinclair was a gentleman of  
fortune, residing about forty miles from  
me; and his father, an invalid, fifty  
years or more of age, was on his way in  
company with his son, to that son's  
house, there to die and be buried. They  
were strangers to me, but I made them  
welcome to my house as if it were their  
own, and insisted on their using it."

"Miss Sinclair was the first woman  
who had crossed my door since I had  
been the possessor of the hall. And  
well might she have been loved by bet-  
ter men than I. She was very small  
and very beautiful—of the size of Venus,  
which all men worship as the perfection  
of womanly beauty, but having a soft  
blue eye, strangely shaded by jet black  
brows, her face presented the contrast  
of purity of whiteness in the complex-  
ion, set off by raven hair, and yet that  
hair hanging in clustering curls, un-  
bound by comb or fillet, and the whole  
face lit up with an expression of gentle  
trust and complete confidence, either in  
all around her, or else in her own in-  
domitable determination, for Mary Sin-  
clair had a mind of her own, and a far-  
seeing one too. She was nineteen then.

"Her father died in my house, and I  
attended the solemn procession that bore  
his remains over hill and valley to the  
old church in which his ancestors were  
laid. Once after that I called on the  
family, and then avoided them. I can-  
not tell you what was the cause of the  
aversion I had to entering that house, or  
approaching the influence of that match-  
less girl. I believed that I feared the  
magic of her beauty, and was impressed  
with my own unworthiness to love her  
or to be beloved by her. I knew her  
associates were of the noble, the edu-  
cated, the refined, and that I was none of  
these. What then, could I expect but  
misery if I yielded to the charm of that  
exquisite beauty, or grates which I knew  
were in her soul."

"A year passed and I was a very boy  
in my continued thoughts of her; I per-  
suaded myself a thousand times that I  
did not love her, and a thousand times  
determined to prove it by entering  
into the vortex of London society, and  
was lost in the whirlpool."

"One evening, at a crowded assembly,  
I was standing near the window in a  
circle, talking with a lady, when I felt  
a strange thrill. I cannot describe it to  
you, but its effect was visible to my  
companion, who instantly said: 'You  
are unwell Mr. Stewart, are you not?'  
Your face became suddenly flushed, and  
your hand trembled so as to shake the  
curtain."

"It was inexplicable to myself, but I  
was startled at the announcement of  
Mr. and Miss Sinclair. I turned, and  
saw she was entering on her brother's  
arm, more beautiful than ever. How I  
escaped, I did not know, but I did so."

"Thrice afterwards I was way-warn-  
ed of her presence in this mysterious  
way, till I believed that there was  
some link between us two, of unknown  
but powerful character. I have never

learned to believe the communion of  
spirit with spirit, sometimes without  
material intervention.

"I heard of her frequently now as  
engaged to a Mr. Walter, a man whom  
I knew well, and was ready to do honor  
as worthy of her love. When at length  
I saw, as I supposed, very satisfactory  
evidence of the truth of the rumor, I left  
London, and met them no more. The  
same rumor followed me in letters, and  
yet I was mad enough to dream of Mary  
Sinclair, until months after I awoke to  
the sense of what a fool I had been.—  
Convinced of this, I went on board my  
yacht about midsummer, and for four  
weeks never set foot on shore."

"One sultry day, when pitch was  
frying on the deck, in the hot sun, we  
rolled heavily in the Bay of Biscay, and  
I passed the afternoon under the sail,  
on the larboard quarter-deck. Toward  
evening I fancied a storm was brewing,  
and having made all ready for it, smoked  
on the tail-rail till midnight, and then  
turned in. Will you believe me, I felt  
that strange thrill through my veins, as  
I lay in my hammock, and awoke with  
it, fifteen seconds before the watch on  
deck called suddenly to the man at the  
wheel, 'Port—port your helm! a sail  
on the lee bow. 'Steady! so!'

"I was on deck in an instant, and  
saw that a stiff breeze was blowing and  
a small schooner, showing no lights had  
crossed our fore foot within a pistol  
shot, and was now bearing up to the  
northwest. The sky was cloudy and  
dark, but the breeze was very steady,  
and I went below again, and after en-  
deavouring vainly to account for the emo-  
tion I had felt in any reasonable way, I  
at length fell asleep, and the rocking of  
my vessel, as she flew before the wind,  
gave just motion enough to my hammock  
to lull me into a sound slumber. But I  
dreamed all night of Mary Sinclair."

I dreamed of her, but it was in unpleas-  
ant dreams. I saw her standing on the  
deck of the 'Foam,' and as I would  
advance towards her, the form of Wal-  
ter would interpose. I would fancy, at  
times, that my arms were around her,  
and her form was resting against my  
side; and her head lay on my shoulder,  
and then by the strange mutations of  
dreams it was not I, but Walter, that was  
holding her, and I was chained to a post,  
looking at them, and she would kiss  
him, and again the kiss would be burn-  
ing on my lips. The morning found me  
wide awake, reasoning myself out of my  
fancies. By noon I had enough to do.  
The ocean was roused. A tempest was  
out on the sea, and the Foam went be-  
fore it."

"Night came down gloomily. The  
very blackness of darkness was on the  
water as we flew before the terrible blast.  
I was on deck, lashed to the wheel, by  
which I stood, with knife within reach  
to cut the lashing, if necessary. We had  
but a rag of sail on her, and yet she  
moved more like a bird than a boat  
from wave to wave. Again and again,  
a blue wave went over us, but she came  
up like a duck and shook off the water  
and dashed on. Now she staggered as  
a blow was on the bow, that might have  
stayed a man of war, but kept gallantly  
on; and now she rolled heavily and  
slowly, but never abated the swift flight  
towards shore! It was midnight when  
the wind was highest. The howling of  
the corgage was demoniacal. Now a  
scream, now a shriek, now a wail, and  
now a laugh of mocking madness. One  
on we flew."

"I looked up, and turned quite around  
the horizon, but could see no sky, no  
sea—no cloud, all was blackness. At  
that moment I felt again that strange  
thrill, and at the instant fancied a denser  
blackness ahead; and the next with a  
crash and plunge, the foam was gone!  
Down went my gallant boat, and with  
her, another vessel, unseen in the black  
night. The wheel to which I had been  
lashed, had broken loose, and gone over-  
board with me before she sank. It was heavy,  
and I cut away, and seeing aspar, went  
down in the deep sea above my boat."

I seized it, and a thrill of agony shot  
through me as I recognized the delicate  
finger of a woman. I drew her to me,  
and lashed her to the spar by my side,  
and so, in the black night, we two alone  
floated away over the stormy ocean."

"My companion was senseless—for  
aught I knew dead. A thousand emo-  
tions passed through my mind in the  
next five minutes. Who was my com-  
panion on the slight spar? What was  
the vessel sunk?"

Was I with the body of only a human  
being, or was there a spark of life left?  
And how could I fan it to a flame? Would  
it not be better to let her sink than float  
off with me, thus alone, to starve or die  
of thirst and agony?

"I chafed her hands, her forehead,  
her shoulders. In the dense darkness  
I could not see a feature of her face, nor  
tell if she were old or young—scarcely  
white or black. The silence on the sea  
was fearful. So long as I had been on  
the deck of my boat, the wind whistling  
through the ropes and around the spars,  
had made a continual sound; but now I  
heard nothing but the occasional sprink-  
ling of the spray, the dash of a foam cap  
or the heavy sound of the wind press-  
ing on my ears."

"At length she moved her hand feebly  
in mind. How my heart leaped at that  
slight evidence that I was not alone on  
the wild ocean! I redoubled my exertions.  
I passed one of her arms over my  
neck to keep it out of the water, while  
I chafed the other hand with both of  
mine. I felt the clasp of that arm tight-  
en. I bowed my head toward her, and  
she drew me close to her, and laid her  
cheek against mine. I felt it rest there  
like a warm sun, and so I held her to my  
life. Then she needed close to my  
bosom and whirled. 'Thank you.'—  
Why did my brain so wildly throb in my  
head at that whispered sentence? She

knew not where she was that was clear.  
Her mind was wandering. At that  
instant the end of the spar struck some  
heavy object; and we were dashed by a  
huge wave over it, and I and my joy were  
left on a floating deck. I cut the lashing  
of the spar, and fastened my companion  
and myself to the part of the new raft  
wreck, I knew not which, and all the  
time that arm was around my neck, and  
rigid as if in death."

"Now came the low wild wail that pre-  
cedes the breaking of the storm. The  
air seemed filled with wailing spirits,  
mournfully singing and sighing. I never  
thought of her as anything else than a  
human being. It was that humanity,  
that dear likeness of life, that endeared  
her to me. I wound my arm around  
her, and drew her close to my heart,  
and bowed my head over her, and in the  
wildness of the moment I pressed my  
lips to hers in a long passionate kiss of  
intense love and agony. She gave it  
back, and murmuring some name of  
endearment, would both arms around  
my neck and laying her head on my  
shoulders with her forehead pressed against  
my cheek, fell into a calm slum-  
ber. That kiss burns on my lips this  
hour. Half a century of the cold kisses  
of the world have not sufficed to chill  
its influence. It thrills me now as then!  
It was madness with idol worship of the  
form God gave us in the image of him-  
self which in that hour I adored as ever  
God! I feel the unearthly joy again to-  
day, as I remember the clasp of those  
unknown arms, and the soft pressure of  
that forehead. I knew not, I cared  
not, if she were old and haggard, or  
young and fair."

"I only knew and rejoiced with joy  
untold that she was human, mortal, of  
my own kin by the great Father of our  
race."

"It was a night of thought, and emo-  
tions and phantasms that can never be  
described. Morning dawned grayly.  
The first faint gleam of light showed  
me a driving cloud above my head—it  
was welcomed with a shudder. I hated  
light. I wanted to float on over that  
heaving ocean, with that form clinging to  
me, and my arms around it, and my  
lips ever and anon pressed to the pas-  
sion lips of the heavy sleeper. I asked  
no light. It was an intruder on my do-  
main, and would drive her from my  
embrace. I was mad."

"But as I saw the face of my com-  
panion gradually revealed in the dawn  
light; as my eyes began to make out  
one by the features and at length the ter-  
rible truth came slowly burning into my  
brain, I moaned aloud in my agony,  
God of Heavens, she is dead!" And it  
was Mary Sinclair."

"But she was not dead."

"We floated all day long on the sea,  
and at midnight of the next night I hail-  
ed a ship and they took us off. Every  
man from the Foam and the other vessel  
was saved with one exception. The  
other vessel was the Fairy, a schooner  
yacht, belonging to a friend of Miss Sin-  
clair, with whom she and her brother  
and a party of ladies and gentlemen  
had started but three days previously  
for a week cruise. I need not tell you  
how I explain that strange thrill as the  
schooner crossed our bow the night be-  
fore the collision, and which I felt again  
at the moment of the crash, nor what  
interpretation I gave to the wild tumult  
of emotions all that long night."

"I married Mary Sinclair, and I buried  
her thirty years afterwards; and I some-  
times have the same evidence of her  
presence now, that I used to have when  
she lived on the same earth with me."

TROUBLE.  
Baby's got the measles, second boy is  
drooping; third one down on trundle  
bed, with dreaded cough is "whooping."  
Mercury down to zero, wood-pile some-  
below it; man tries to be a hero, but feels  
he cannot "go it." Wife is busy wash-  
ing a host of dirty "duds," whilst ever  
and anon a tear falls silent in the suds.  
Husband rocks the cradle, "second" on  
his lap, soothes the "third" one with a  
kiss, and hits the fourth a slap. So  
from melancholy moans, and starting,  
troubled, dreaming, the tune is changed  
to groans, stifled sobs and screaming—  
Patience all exhausted, he roughly  
spreads the rocking, and jolts the little  
sufferers, with rudeness that is shock-  
ing. Confusion worse confounded! a  
neighbor opens the door, and with voice  
and face astonished says, "Have you  
heard the price of flour?" "Not" hus-  
band loudly hollars; "what's the latest  
news?" "Flour's thirteen dollars, twelve  
has been refused." A scream! 'tis Sis-  
ter's voice; something's comes a-thwart  
her. In she comes, all covered with  
blood and dirty water. "Old Brindle's  
gored the heifer, broke the yearling's  
thigh, knocked Sissy down and cut her,  
and scared a passer-by." Wife sits her  
down, despairingly, weary of her life;  
husband, nothing caring, for the quod-  
rupal strife, wonders whether Job,  
the man of sores, when his wife bade  
him give up, led such a life indoors.

Mentime the wealthy mother, sits in  
her easy chair, on its rich embroidered  
cover, "mid comfort everywhere, and  
wanders what they mean—these people  
that are poor—prating of their troubles,  
which they endure. "If they only had  
her trials—knew what she underwent,  
they'd think that all the trials of wrath  
were on them spent," which sets us  
thinking, reader, that if rightly estimat-  
ed, one-half of all our sorrows are sadly  
overrated. And the moral of our rhyme,  
though prose-like it runs, is, never bor-  
row trouble, but take it as it comes.—  
Clinton Courtant.

"Hullo, Pomp, what are you doin' dare?"  
"Fixin'."

"And what you got in your mouf?"

"Oh, nothin' but some worms for  
bait."

ADVENTURES AT A MASKED  
BALL IN PARIS.

One of the adventures of the last ball  
is worth mentioning. The two prin-  
cipal actors in the scene belong to the  
aristocratic Faubourg St



**NONPULX ADVERTISEMENTS**  
**UNS. GUNS GUNS**



**DIRECT IMPORTATION, 1882.** 108  
A M in receipt of my usual large fall assortment of Damascus and stub twist Double and Single Guns. Among them may be found some of the superior, in beautiful mahogany cases. I invite sportsmen and others to examine my stock, and trying them that in quality and price it will

different lengths, calibre and finish always on  
d.

**SPORTING IMPLEMENTS.**

Patent Powder Flasks, Shot Pouches and Bags,  
Game Bags with Gun Pockets, Gun Wadding,  
Cutters, Cleaning Rods, Nipple Wrenches,  
Smoking Cups, Liquor Flasks, Dog Collars, cal-  
lips, Chains, Primers, Hunting Horns, Maho-  
ny, Leather and India Rubber Gun Cases, &c.

**ERUSSION CAPS AND SPORTING  
POWDER.**  
y's double water proof, Coxe's and Walker's  
fine English and French G.D. Caps, Curtis  
Harvey's diamond grain, English and best A-  
merican Sporting Powder, in pound and half  
and Canisters.

**REVOLVING PISTOLS.**  
Colt's patent repeater and Aik-  
len's Six Barrel revolving. 3 to

6 inch barrels, single Self cock-  
ing, finely sighted Rifle Pistols,  
a full stock of double and single barrel Pock-  
et Pistols, Bowie and Pocket Knives. For sale  
at wholesale and retail at Northern prices, by  
W. S. SPRATLEY, Gun Maker,  
No. 1, Union st., a few doors from the Market,  
Sept. 11, 1852. Norfolk Va.,

**SPRING STOCK**

ROOTS, SHOES, SOLE AND UPPER.  
LEATHER, TRUNKS, SHOE FIND-  
INGS, SHOE THREAD, WRAP-  
PING PAPER, &c., &c.

ERMAN & CO., Norfolk Va., desire par-  
ticularly to inform the merchants of North  
Carolina and the eastern section of Virginia, that  
they have just received their Spring Stock,  
comprising the largest and most desirable assort-  
ment that we have ever had the pleasure of o-

When the facts are taken into consideration we confine ourselves strictly and exclusively to a wholesale and jobbing business, that we dispose our goods chiefly for cash and that we conduct our business at a more moderate expense than any Northern House we think it

be apparent to all that we are prepared to enter into the strongest kind of competition with our cities.

We respectfully solicit a call from Merchants visiting Norfolk, when we can convince them of the truth of our assertions. We would be pleased to receive orders, which shall be faithfully and punctually executed.

h 7--2m

**HERMAN & CO.**

**MACGREGGORS.**

**W. & A. CAULDON FURNACE or Agricultural  
Boiler.** -  
**W. & A. FISHER** are sole agents in this  
 Market for these admirable Boilers, so  
 inland necessary to every Farmer in  
*Boiling Food for Stock, Scalding Hogs,  
 Boiling of Oil, Tallow, Lard and  
 such like articles.*  
 The Cauldon Furnace is so constructed that

boiling is done with less than half the fuel required by any other article, to perform the same amount of work ; it boils equally as quick as back ; the heat is entirely under the control of the operator ; after the usual amount of fuel has become ignited, if the draft door under the pipe is opened, and the front closed to a proper point, the boiling will continue for three hours without any further attention from the operator, and during the whole time the boiling is going, the fire will be burning brightly.

For all manufacturing purposes, and for Far-  
mer's use where an equal and governable heat is  
required, this article is unequalled, and espec-  
ially for the boiling of Oil and the rendering of  
tallow and such like articles, they being  
burned on wood or coal; and for boiling food  
for scalding hogs, they are invaluable.

the purchaser after having used the Cauldron for thirty days, finds that the above representation is not fully borne out, he is at liberty to return the same, free of charge, and money will be refunded. In order that the purchaser should get the full advantage of these Cauldron Furnaces, they should be used for 1st with the coal fixtures, and by replacing brick lining, say once in about three years, will last fifty years if required; besides, the

prevents a great amount of heat from escaping from the bottom of the kettle. They can be placed out of doors or under a shed with the least danger from fire.

BORUM & FISHER,  
11 Water St. Norfolk, Va.

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**1854.**

**SPRING SUPPLIES OF**

**BOOTS AND SHOES.**  
W. H. ADDINGTON & CO.  
would call the attention of every  
Merchant in Virginia and North  
Carolina to their  
**WHOLESALE STOCK OF**  
**BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
Offered for sale at reasonable  
prices, on a credit of 6 months, at  
**LARGE NEW STORE, No. 37, Main**

The stock consists in part as follows, viz :

1000 pair Men's Kip Brogans, various quali-

00 " Gent's Calf and fine Wax Leather

00 " Men's split Brogans.

00 " Gent's Calf Oxford Ties,

00 " " Fancy Gaiters, Patent Lea-

Shoes and other fashionable styles of Dress

00 " Men's fine Calf Boots, long legs --  
 00 " Rib Boots, all qualities,  
 00 " Women's cheap Buskins, different  
 00 " " sexed " Calf and  
 00 " Skin, prime,  
 00 " Ladies' Gaiter Boots, Jenny Lind  
 00 " and other Fancy styles of Ladies' Shoes,  
 00 " Women's cheap Morocco Shoes,  
 is kinds,

00 " Boys and Youths Booters, &c.  
H. ADDINGTON & CO. have just added  
000 worth of Boots and Shoes to their  
stock—it will be found very complete, and  
hope every Merchant will call and examine  
stock.  
ms—6 months credit.  
7 W. H. ADDINGTON & CO.

**SPRING GOODS.**  
ST RECEIVED AT THE BEE HIVE,  
complete assortment of Spring Goods,  
prising in part of the following, viz:  
did Plaid Silks,  
Rich Black Rep. Turc Satin,  
Rich Black Gro de Rhine,  
er Plaid Silks.  
**EMBROIDERIES**—viz  
Sleeves, (part Mourning).

styles Collars,  
 ric and Mouslin Bands,  
 ndered Linen Handkerchiefs,  
 Linen Scolloped edge do,  
 Covers and Cloths of Linen, &c.,  
 ills Quilts, some of extra large size,  
 Covers, Towels, Linen Diapers,  
 mplete assortment of Cotton and Silk Hosi-  
 &c.  
**JAMES SMITH, Proprietor**

folk, Feb 28  
 RASOLS.—Just received at the Bee  
 live, a splendid assortment of figured, plain  
 and Parols, of all fashionable colors.  
 JAS. SMITH.  
 Proprietor.  
 folk, April 4

## THE BLIND BOY

The blind boy has been at play, Mother,  
And merry games we had,  
We led him by the hand,  
And every step was glad,  
But when we found a stray flower,  
And praised its varied hue,  
A tear came trembling down his eye,  
Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, Mother,  
Where falling waters made  
A rainbow o'er the mill, Mother,  
As golden sun-rays played;  
But when he shouted at the scene,  
And hailed the clear blue sky,  
He stood quite still upon the bank,  
And breathed a long, long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, Mother,  
When'er we found the spots,  
Where periwinkle crept, Mother,  
Or wild forget-me-nots.  
'Ah me!' he said, while tears run down,  
As fast as summer showers,  
'It is because I cannot see  
The sunshine and the flowers.'

Oh, that poor sightless boy, Mother,  
Has taught me I am blind,  
For I can look with joy, Mother,  
On all I love the best;  
And when I see the dancing stream,  
And daisies red and white,  
I'll kneel upon the meadow sod,  
And thank my God for sight.

## GENERAL SELECTIONS

### A BASHFUL MAN.

Your bashful man is never comfortable  
at ease. If a woman looks at him  
he turns his face away, or it looks red.  
He is constantly blundering into some  
scrape or other, a good deal as in the  
following, which is something of a bona  
fide occurrence:

A young fellow who could scarcely  
muster pluck enough to face a girl, was  
one day so cornered that he could not  
avoid "doing the amiable" to a romping  
young lady on the occasion of a  
"circus" exhibition then in the village.  
He would have preferred buying all the  
tickets to be got of the agent, rather  
than talk out the value of a couple with  
the naughty thing, who, perceiving his  
weak point, seemed bent upon bothering  
him. She was very talkative, but he  
very mum. She hung very tenderly upon  
his arm, while he inwardly said  
'he'd rather be hanged than go with  
her'; and if that limb had been in a  
surgical tourniquet, it is probable the  
pain would not have proved more excruciating  
than what he was then suffering  
from the pressure it had to bear. He  
hardly knew, in fact, whether he was a  
fool or on horse-back, and only realized  
his predicament on being addressed by  
the man at the door: "Ticket sir?"

'Yes, sir—yes take her,' said he im-  
patiently.

'Your ticket, if you please,' repeated the  
man.

'Oh—ah!' exclaimed the youth, as he  
produced the tickets; passing into the  
tent he halted by the ring, eyed by the  
uproarious crowd of boys within.

'Dear me!' he cried to his companion  
'they are laughing at us, aren't they?'

'Come along!' exclaimed the girl,  
and so saying she bounded up the seats,  
and stopped only when perched on the  
topmost one.

The seats were soon filled and the  
performances began. When the 'grand  
entrée' had been gone through, the  
young lady, who had been giving marks  
of discomfort because there was nothing  
behind against which she could rest  
behind herself that her attendant  
could be available, seizing his unex-  
pected hand, drew him about her waist.

For an instant the poor young man  
was motionless with terror; the next  
moment he sprang up, averting his  
head down the road, and uttering  
three or four monosyllabic words in the  
direction of the girl, and reached the  
ground with a yell, imagining that the  
tent-pole had either fallen on them, or  
that some wild animal had certainly got  
loose, and was undertaking to make a  
meal of them all.

'Take him off!' cried one.  
'He'll eat us up!' shouted another.  
'Shoot him!' yelled a third.  
'Oh! I'm killed intirely!' cried an  
Irishman.

'Silence!' rose from every corner.  
Put them out! added a score of voices.

'Help! help!' roared the prostrate  
mass out of which our hero at last ex-  
tricated himself, only to be caught,  
however, by a 'Circus' man, who cried  
'See here, Mister! Did you make  
all that row?'

'Get me out! Let me out!' cried the  
young man, struggling to escape.  
'No, sir—no; you must answer for this  
exclamation the fellow who held him.

'So I say,' cried a portly man, smug-  
gling down his beard, which had been  
knocked into a cocked hat in the melée  
'Do let me out! I'm in the south  
'I don't want to take her home.'

'Who?' was the enquiry.  
'The gal I came with!' he replied,  
fastening a wild glance in the direction  
where the lady in question sat, convul-  
sively with laughter.

'What did she do to you?' some one  
asked.

'Wh! I don't know; but she caught  
right square hold of my arm—and I  
don't know—but I guess she put us  
in' on that burnt it! Do let me out, I  
say?' and with one bound he flew past  
the doorkeeper, and never stopped ex-  
cept when he had reached his room.

THE MILLENNIAL SABBATH.—The  
Rev. Dr. Cumming, the learned theo-  
logian and brilliant writer, delineates most  
beautifully the glories of the Millennial  
Sabbath. It will be found below. It is  
worthy to be written in letters of gold.

and not in words; but the truth we  
can do is to present it to our readers in  
the new form, which gives this morn-  
ing's issue. Here it is—*Union*.

It will be a day of lasting rest—  
When the night that is far spent is com-  
pletely exhausted, and the day that  
shall be fully come, then there shall  
be perfect rest. The earth shall have  
its Sabbath, which it lost by sin.

Man shall have his, in its integrity, and  
purity, and beauty. God rested on the  
seventh day from all his work, and hal-  
lowed the Sabbath, and blessed it. I  
believe there is not a beast in the field,  
nor a fish in the sea, nor a fowl in the  
air, that has not its Sabbath, and that  
shall not yet have a Sabbath of rest.

There is no laborer in the work-  
shop, nor a toiling man in the post  
office, nor a clerk in the counting-house,  
that may not claim the Sabbath. Next  
to God's world, God's Sabbath is the  
right and privilege of man. Infidelity  
impugns and denounces both; by God's  
grace we will part with neither. And  
when that last Sabbath comes—the Sab-  
bath of all creation—the heart, wearied  
with its tumultuous beating, shall have  
rest; the soul, fevered with its anxiety,  
shall enjoy peace. The sun of that  
Sabbath will never set, or veil its splen-  
dors in a cloud. The flowers that grow  
in its light will never fade. Our earth-  
ly Sabbaths, are but faint reflections of  
the heavenly Sabbaths cast down upon  
the earth, dimmed by the transitory  
rays from so great a height and so dis-  
tant a world. The fairest landscapes, or  
combinations of scenery upon earth,  
are but the outskirts of the paradise of  
God, far-earliest and intimation of that  
which lies beyond them, and then hap-  
pily Sabbath heart, whose every pulse  
is a Sabbath beat, hears but a very in-  
adequate echo of the chimes and harmonies  
of that Sabbath, that rest, where we  
rest not day and night, in which the  
song is ever new, and yet ever sung.

We asked him why he wept, Mother,  
When'er we found the spots,  
Where periwinkle crept, Mother,  
Or wild forget-me-nots.

'Ah me!' he said, while tears run down,  
As fast as summer showers,  
'It is because I cannot see  
The sunshine and the flowers.'

Oh, that poor sightless boy, Mother,  
Has taught me I am blind,  
For I can look with joy, Mother,  
On all I love the best;

And when I see the dancing stream,  
And daisies red and white,  
I'll kneel upon the meadow sod,  
And thank my God for sight.

NOT AFRAID OF HOPS.—A big belled  
fellow named Rolff, used to frequent an  
'up town' dram shop in Philadelphia,  
where a few wits and a quantity of  
mutton-headed individuals were wont  
to congregate. Old Rolff was 'death on  
a pale horse' on beer; he could drink  
equal to a London tapster or a Dutch  
Burgomaster, and had often drank his  
pint down at a gulp, easy as falling off  
a log. One day, a few jokers being  
around, doubted the capacity of the old  
man to guzzle a quart of beer at a draught.

You choust pay for 'em, says Rolff,  
'you choust pay for 'em, an' by tunder  
you see if old Jake Rolff can't swallow a  
quart of beer mitout winking'.

'Well pay for it, daddy,' says one,  
'if you'll down with it in one long guz-  
zle.'

'Very well, fetch on de beer.'

The beer was brought in a large deep,  
brown mug. Before pouring in the beer  
a defunct mouse had been 'quietly in-  
serted'. The old man took the mug,  
foaming to the brim, raised it to his  
lips, and drank it down in one gulp.

'How'd it go, daddy?' was the cry,  
as the old man with bloated visage and  
distended eye, set down the mug.

'How'd it go? Bah! Goot! Dar was  
von tam pig hop in de bottom, BUT  
TINK I CARE A TAM FOR TEM TINGS!'

A REMARKABLE MAN.—At a temper-  
ance meeting, held in Alabama, about  
six years ago, Colonel Lemanovsky, who  
had been twenty-three years in the  
armies of Napoleon Bonaparte, addressed  
the meeting. He arose before the au-  
dience, tall, erect, and vigorous, with a  
glow of health upon his cheek, and said:

'You see before you a man 70 years  
old. I have fought two hundred battles,  
have fourteen wounds on my body, have  
lived thirty days on horse flesh, with  
the bark of trees for my bread, snow  
and ice for my drink, the canopy of  
heaven for covering, without stockings  
or shoes on my feet, and only a few  
rags of clothing. In the deserts of Egypt  
I have marched for days with a burning  
sun upon my naked head; feet blistered  
by the scorching sand, and with eyes,  
nostrils, and mouth filled with dust,  
and with a thirst so tormenting that I  
have opened the veins of my arms and  
sucked my own blood! Do you ask  
how I survived all these horrors? I an-  
swer, that under the providence of God,  
I owe my preservation, my health and  
vigor, to this fact, that I never drank  
a drop of spirituous liquor in my life, and  
continued he, Baron Larry, chief of the  
medical staff of the French army, has  
stated as a fact that the 6,000 survivors  
who safely returned from Egypt were  
all of those men who abstained from  
ardent spirits.'

CURIOS ANECDOTE.—A case has  
been on trial in Charleston for a few days  
past, in which was involved the status  
or caste of four brothers, against whom  
taxe executions had been levied as free-  
negroes—they claiming to be Indians,  
and therefore not liable to capitulation tax.  
In the course of the trial, an allusion  
being made to the hair of the defendants  
the Attorney General related the follow-  
ing curious anecdote, which we copy  
from the Charleston Courier:

'An officer during the revolutionary  
war, who prided himself greatly on his  
guise, had been ordered to cut off the  
head of a prisoner by his commander—  
This he indignantly refused to do, say-  
ing, "As would die before he would part  
with his queue." He was thereupon  
arrested by a Court Martial, as being  
contumacious; but the Court Martial, as  
the Cherokee Courts are too apt to do,  
with better reason than latter, postponed  
their decision, from time to time, from  
a reluctance to give judgment against  
the offender. The result was that the  
officer died before his case had been ad-  
justed, having under the influence of  
the ruling passion, "strong death," first  
made his will, directing that he should be  
buried with his queue uncut, and that it  
should be protruded through a hole, bor-  
ed in his coffin, to give the world "the oc-  
ular demonstration" that he had died  
with his queue on.

ANECDOTE.—A rich distiller in Ire-  
land met Father Matthew, and asked  
him how could he be so cruel as to in-  
jure so many good and unoffending per-  
sons who had invested their all in dis-

theater, and the other being out all day  
succeeded in filling her crop, and on her  
return home at night with her crop full  
of worms, she and the misfortune to be  
met by a fox who at once proposed to  
take her life, to satisfy his hunger.—  
The old duck appealed, argued, implor-  
ed, remonstrated. She said to the fox  
'you cannot be so wicked and hard heart-  
ed as to take the life of a poor harmless  
duck, merely to satisfy your hunger.'—  
She exhorted him against the commis-  
sion of so great a sin, and begged him  
not to stain his soul with innocent blood.

When the fox could stand her rant no  
longer he said—"Out upon you, madam,  
with all your fine feathers; you are a  
pretty thing; indeed, to lecture me for  
taking life to satisfy my hunger—is not  
your own crop now full of worms? You  
destroy more lives in one day to satisfy  
your hunger than I do in a whole month!"

INDIA RUBBER SHOES.  
Just received at the  
LADIES' SALOON,  
No. 37 Main Street,  
Norfolk, Va., a large stock of  
India Rubber Shoes, which are a part of our  
Fall Orders. This stock of Rubbers is of the  
finest quality, and will be warranted not to be  
affected by any temperature of the weather. It  
consists of Men's India Rubber Shoes, short legs,  
long tops, and some extra long legs for wading  
and fishing.

Men's India Rubber Shoes, Clogs, Slippers,  
Sandals, &c.  
Women's India Rubber Boots, Slippers, Bus-  
kins, Slippers, Sandals, Clogs and Gaiters.  
Ladies' India Rubber Shoes, Slippers, Sandals,  
&c., of the most beautiful and delicate make.

A new style of Gossamer Rubbers, for ladies,  
has just been received at the Ladies' Saloon.—  
There has never been anything like them out be-  
fore, and as we are agents for the manufacturer,  
no other dealer in Norfolk or the States of Vir-  
ginia and North Carolina can sell them, unless  
purchased through our house.

Courtesy of the Virginia and North Caro-  
lina can be supplied at manufacturers' prices at  
the Ladies' Saloon with the goods from this ce-  
lebrated factory. They are superior in point of  
durability, beauty and style to any others that are  
now made in the market.

The goods are now open for inspection, and or-  
ders are respectfully solicited.  
The Ladies' Saloon is at No. 37 Main Street,  
Norfolk, Va., sign of the large plate glass win-  
dow. W. H. ADDINGTON & CO.  
Sept 27

TO FARMERS AND ALL OTHERS  
CONCERNED.  
The subscriber can inform  
all who desire to know the  
facts at the Virginia and North  
Carolina Agricultural and Iron  
Depot, they can find the largest and best assort-  
ment of Agricultural Machinery to be found in  
the State, embracing  
Harrow, Cultivators, Corn Planters, Seed Sows,  
Corn Shellers and Straw Cutters, of ev-  
ery desirable pattern.

Wheat and Corn Fan Mills of every pattern,  
Harrow and Grist Mills, and all other  
Home Power and Wheel Threshers of every pat-  
tern.  
American, English, Swedes and Russia Iron,  
of all sizes, round, square, flat, oval, half oval  
and half round, of all sizes, Spring, English  
and American, Blistered, and Blacksmith's  
Tools, Cut and Wrought Nails, Horse Shoes and  
Nails, Ship and Boat Spikes, Hollow Castings  
Caudrons, Grindstones, Spades, Shovels, Forks,  
Rakes, Land and Garden Hoes, and Cultivators,  
Flow Shap, a Mould Boards, Land Sides, a  
Share and Screws, Brace and Bits, Garden  
Shovels, Patent Wrenches, Axes and Axes,  
Grub Hoes, Drawing Knives, Briar Hooks, Files  
Sticks and all other tools, and all other  
Iron, of all sizes, round, square, flat, oval, half  
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